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The Honor System



Dodgeball



14 yr. old girls

Dearest Reader,

What you have in your hands is [redacted] which by some strange means is linked to [redacted] of the [redacted]. The strange thing about it, is when [redacted] [redacted] return we will take Aunt Sally to Marshall Fields for a new hat. But in the mean time Cointelpro [redacted] [redacted] is one [redacted] [redacted] in response, [redacted] declared "If that's what he [redacted] [redacted] that's what he'll get". [redacted] [redacted], the censorship of certain ideals led to [redacted] [redacted] his dismissal. poses a series of [redacted] [redacted] [redacted]. But to be honest, [redacted] [redacted] can jump [redacted] [redacted] Kylie said it took too long. But in other news, I am well. Dunbar [redacted] the ceiling tiles, he has this theory [redacted] [redacted] that it [redacted] [redacted] time passes slower, [redacted] the meals came [redacted] [redacted] [redacted] he [redacted] took a second out [redacted] [redacted] but when [redacted] [redacted] Mary, [redacted] [redacted] back. I yearn for you tragically.

Love,

Mark Newetny
5413 s. 6th Ave.
Countryside, IL
60525

GROUP:3

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Quotes

"Hell is other people"--Jean Paul Satre

"The funny thing is I'm a cheerleader"--Drunk girl puking to Matt Lazzara

"I'm going to tug it a couple times so it looks bigger"--Mike Lorr/Frontside/ about playing naked again in Moline

"I hate what they stand for. I hate 25 year olds telling dick jokes to 15 year olds at shows. It's creepy and stupid"--Dan Hanaway, regarding Blink18

"Everyone thinks they're the one who hasn't changed"--Aaron Cometbus

"Intelligence is the ability to change one's mind"
--Unknown

"But it's so hard for me to picture a life like that--going for walks, laughing and singing in the streets. Everybody is sick with fear. Everyone except me. And I...I'm sick with hatred"--from the play *The Flies* by JP Satre

"All writers' wives are beautiful"--Kurt Vonnegut

"I started this league, you fuckin' douchebag"--Matt Hernandez, learning the rule in dodgeball, that if a ball hits your ball and you drop it, you're out.

"And hey, the message is still there but sometimes you just gotta sing about ninjas and roll around screaming with the kids you love"--Nate Powell, on the liner notes of the *Soopha Nun Sq uad* CD



self portrait-bloody
neck from skateboarding

Thanks to: Liam, Asian Man, Durkin, John F., Dan and the Honor System, Initial Rec. Craig Sinister, Colin, Alex, Team Rad, Cynthia and Dischord.

Cover--from top to bottom--Broadways, some guy at Burnside, Crudos last show. All photos by me.

Bombardment

I was hoping to start this article with a secret hush operation that invovled breaking into a police man's house while he was in Vegas and sneaking into a gym while the 5-0 was in on the take. This kid Gene, which everyone calls Lumpy, but ~~he~~ he's not fat or full of lumps. The fact of the matter is that we have alaises-Tomcat, Chuck Taylors, Cookie Head, Gomer Pyle, Little O/not Otis Reddings son/, No Sleeves, Dave Enwright, Fetus... Its not really out of secrecy/though it would help when breaking into a cop's house/ but more that if you come to dodgeball, we need something to call you. Chances are if you wear yellow shorts 2 weeks in a row, you're "Yellow Shorts" or if you look like a fetus, so be it. Anyhow, Gene is called Lumpy because quite frankly we didn't have a Lumpy. But that everyone one gets a nickname thing is lame...So Gene's dad is a cop and they use the gym and it's key to play midnight basketball. But the guy who had the key was out of town and we ended up playing in a roller hockey rink that was way to dusty. I keep choking and everyone threw their arms out before tournament. Pretty boring, eh? Life never turns out like that. That poorly conceived intro was just a precursor to launch into the almighty Bombardment Society of Western Springs. Bombardment is a form of dodgeball where a gym ~~is~~ is split at the half court line at two teams throw balls at each other. Dodgeball has been in the media a lot because of those old men in Schaumburg. In the Western Springs we just play for fun/and as my friend Ben says/, there are no old men and the ~~news~~ press is not allowed. Schaumburg ~~it~~ happens to be the home of NADA the National Amatuer Dodgeball Association and have recieved a lot of television coverage. It started roughly a year ago and has gotten press ever since, Dodgeball made the front page of the

Sun Times and the Tribune/right next to a photo of Fidel Castro, yes, it's that important/ and Vanity Fair listed it as the "in" party game. This is some big time shit, people! I try not to get too caught up in the hype. I mean sure western springs has prestige, we did start before NADA and recieved earlier attention from an article in The Doings/II/9/00-"For Some Bombardment Is No Ordinary Sport"/ We also tried to play other leagues, but the DePaul kids wussed out and wouldn't return our calls and supposedly lost our phone-

number twice. But alas we don't get mentioned in the Tribune and recieved little media attention after our division championship win.

The Tribune Article was mostly about being PC in PE class. A professor at Eastern Connecticut State University, Neil Williams put out a Hall of Shame with Dodgeball at the top of the list along with other playground favorites such as Kickball, Red Rover, Musical Chairs, Simon Says, Duck, Duck, Goose /Oh, the alienation!/ He claims any teacher who includes dodgeball should be fired immediately.



Steve Johnston/The Doings

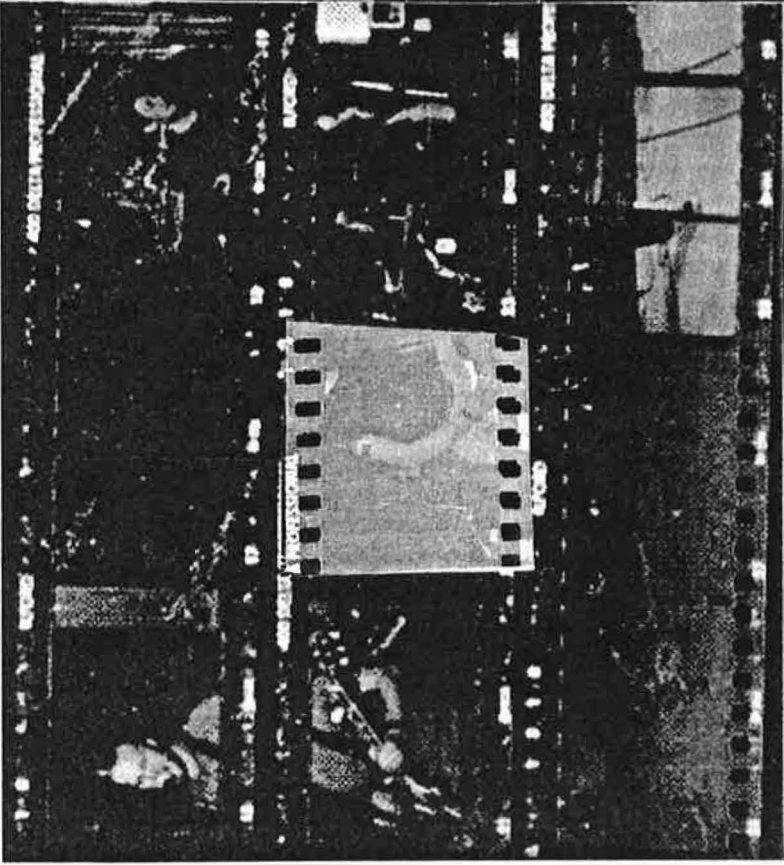
The Bombardment Society players scramble to pick up as many rubber balls as possible to knock the other team out of the game. The society meets each Wednesday night for scrimmage games at the Western Springs Recreation Center, 1500 Walker St.

atly. What they should outlaw is that stupid Ultimate Frisbee/Finally, a way to make catch competitive/ The schools are actually banning the "hall of shame" games on the grounds that it "alienates kids, they are exclusionary and promote cliques, players are singled out for ridicule, and that less skilled players don't get to play. And the meathead gym teachers argue back with " Oh, it promotes life skills for business and competition ...find people's weaknesses and take them out"

Maybe the real problem is the American Culture and our ultra competitive capitalist system that rewards people for kicking over others. Or maybe the way this attitude is introduced through the institution of school, more importantly high school football. With coaches yelling "Kill, kill, we will crush the Panthers"/the panthers being the other team/ If you're not good you don't even get on the team. And the exclusion and clique promoting tendencies flow heavily into the social atmosphere to create a caste system. I've come to despise organized sports. Take cross training, why would I want to lift weights when I could have fun playing the actual game? Our games are more ~~like~~ like pick up games. Being picked last, makes you realize your limitations, it's not really mean spirited. Someone has to be last and I think it hardly compares to the torment the uncool kids go through in school. My dodgeball league/because I and all the regulars are a part of it, set the tone and determine what goes on/was founded by the fuckin kids. No adults or authority figures. We don't need Refs we take care of our own. There's a trust that has to be there when you regulate yourself. We depend on each other not to cheat, otherwise it's not fun or fair to anyone. There is no hierarchy. The only thing we have is Jimmy, who ~~runs~~ acts as a representative to the park district and NADA and also has the key to the gym.

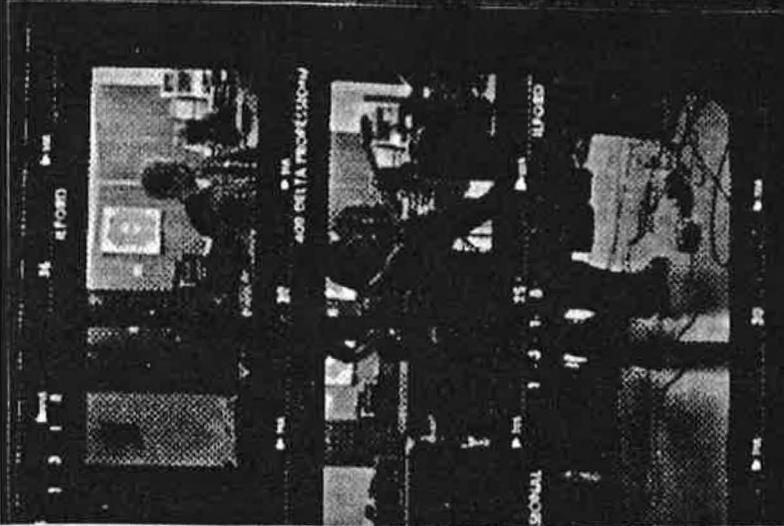
When we play we don't try to destroy the other team we play to have a good time. When kids play real conservative in order to just win and not truly master the ~~art~~ art of the dodge, it ruins the game. Either you have the skills or not, don't slow down the whole game to try to sneak in a win. Everyone hates kids like that. No one cares if you win they just know you play like a chumpass. Bombardment is all about playing the line. WE usually average about 1 or 2 girls a week. There are 2 kinds, the kind that sit in the back and watch the game go by and the ones that get in the game. Nothing gets more cheer than a less skilled player pulling an upset on a better player. You don't have to be the best player to play. For instance, we went to tournament with a 14 year old college kid and a 280 pound 30 year old guy, they weren't the best when they first came, but they kept coming. You just have to play, it's not as dangerous as its portrayed in the media. Actually our worst

injury happened with this guy ~~was~~ who was really jacked. He was the last one left and the other team counted to 3 and threw all the balls at once. He was running sideways and we had these water fountains. I ~~in~~ say had, because he ran into them and ripped both of them out of the wall. He went one way and they went the other. Everyone just bust out laughing, he was on the ground clutching his chest. Water was dripping out. But bombardment went on by placing gym mats over the leak. He was okay, but now we have to go outside of the gym to get a drink of water. Let this be a lesson to you don't fuck with the Bombardment Society. We were tough as shit and twice as good looking. For instance at a tournament in Berwyn/BERWYN? we made a ref cry and another referee tried to punch our captain. They hated us down there/we brought 3 teams/and got First and Second place. We also played in the National Championships. We got 2nd overall. We were beat by a team from Ohio, Beckley's Wreckers. They had won the previous year. They were a bunch of jerks in their late 20s reliving their high school years. They were speedos and ripped up Beckley Track tank tops. I despised them and their jiggy asses. They would play very heavily on strategy. They would just get one person out then wait for the 10 minutes to pass and win. We were such a better team than them but they'd back up when we tried to play. They'd just stand around and get half boners. One actually flicked his cock. And they beat us. All they could do was catch well. They got a lucky catch and we lost. Tournaments played in a best out of 3 game series. It was one to one. We both had 2 players out. They waited for five minutes, they had most of the balls/we couldn't do anything/ At the last 3 seconds they all threw their balls at one person./they ended up missing, they had terrible arms/ I threw it at one of them from 4 feet away right at their knees. They dropped to the ground and pulled off the catch. It was close, but the end.



The Honor System formed from the ashes of Baxter and the Broadways sometime in 1999. Just recently they've released a new 6 song CD. Their singer and guitarist, Dan Hanaway (ex-Slapstick, Broadways) has written some of my favorite songs and has a certain

greatness to writing lyrics in a style that is all his own. Though the lyrics convey a sort of bleakness, it just serves to bring out his politics from a human/personal viewpoint with a new angle on the issues discussed. I interviewed Dan in July of the year two thousand and one.



THE HONOR SYSTEM

Mark: I just wanted to talk about the songs on the EP, go through them one by one and talk a little bit on what they're about. I'm guessing Clockwork is a little about the prison system?

Dan: Well actually what Clockwork is actually more about, well, it's about a couple of my acquaintances and friends in drug use and basically US policy towards the Drug War. The reference is to ten a day is a reference to the Colombian workers that are killed there everyday by the militias that the US basically funds. There's an act in Congress that's 1.6 billion to go towards like, militias in Colombia to, uh, you probably know about that stuff. So it's basically like trying to show two different ends of that story. The end where you have your friends that are all getting into things that, I mean I've done a lot of drugs in my lifetime, I really don't do too many now or any really. But a lot of people I know have gotten into cocaine lately, shit that I think is fuckin' stupid. So, on that a lot of the lyrics make a lot more sense.

M: Okay, cause I was thinking "All dressed up in plastic bags, innocence in jail denims"

D: Right. The innocence in jail denims thing is basically like, people in poor communities and what not, locked up in prison for trumped up drug charges, when really the government and the CIA has been the main criminal in bringing that crap in, putting it in ghettos and putting it in poor communities. They're the ones that support it and the less fortunate are the ones that are really paying the price for it too. Not only do they get addicted, they get put in prison for it. The same with liquor stores or anything else, fast food. It's always like roast beef and shit. There's no natural food access.

M: There was a study for the EPA where they found a lot of harmful chemicals are found in the cheaper types of shampoo and everyday stuff.

D: Right, right. Clockwork's really about it's a picture about the whole thing of the drug spectrum and how I think it's pretty worthless. There's no war to win it says, that's really what I believe. It's like a pretty made up war of ideas, it's basically like the Cold War, it doesn't exist, a propaganda war. So, that's the main thing that was inspired by.

M: Next up is Replacement Parts.

D: Um, Replacement Parts, I mean I wrote it pretty tongue in cheek. It's just being frustrated at condos coming up and what not. There's so many people out there that really feel..., especially like now with the economy slumped or whatever, and the NASDAQ crap and all this bullshit. That song plays really important, actually make more sense because for a while when the economy was supposed to be so good under the Clinton Administration and what not. People, you know, a lot of the rich people felt more indestructable and stuff like that. But a lot of people have these jobs where, you could be the CEO of a company one day and their company could fall apart the next day. It's just about, like, that's songs really an amalgamation of a lot of things, like the first part is basically about just condoning the shit in Iraq, like,

M: the sanctions, right?

D: Right and Cuba, punishing like people who are just working class civilians like me and you, you know, in other countries. Even if there is a dictator out there that's like, so terrible, like these people aren't terrible. These are children, you know, innocent people that get shit on by our government. It's not worth it. For some macho bullshit US thing.

M: Are you seeing a resistance to that like a "One thousand hands reach for the throat now"?

D: That was a lot because I went to DC last year for the protests and everything that happened with the WTO. It was really cool to see a lot of people care enough to go out things like that and be aware enough, because it's not a cut and dry thing. You know you really have to be a little bit rad to understand a lot of what's going on. It's not like there's a war going on and it's not like you know you're starving to death. Well, most of the people in the punk rock scene are pretty much suburbanites, more or less. That's a totally like stereo type thing, but it's truth. It was just cool to see like that many people actually go out for something that's so hidden and not well known about yet, you know. These people like piled out, really. Sometimes it's hard to have an anthem song when you don't even know if you believe that it could happen or not. Something like that happens. It's really encouraging, I think it really gives everyone a...like having an election year, just having the Nader thing and a backer invovled even though it ended up being a lot less than it could have been. But at the same time, that's a lot of numbers, you know, there were unions that were going to back Nader. But, I kind of blame it on the media in the end. They made it sound like "Oh you know Gore's going to lose to Nader..." and you know he lost anyway. So I couldn't believe-

M: He really got demonized after the election, like the Democrats went after him and so did the media like he was so out of place to even run.



D: Yeah, I think there's a lot of good people out there. I think everyone's got on some sort of same page. There's a lot of people that believe what's right is right, and actually know, care about things going on around them. You just have to have an event like that to get everybody involved at the same time, that's where something could actually take place. And that was cool too, like so many groups together that were, A lot of the groups, like there will be the Communists people there and the Socialist there. And there all bickering at each other, but there all leftist movements and there all like a movement for a revolution, but they bicker at each other over minor points but then you have a big event like this and all the groups come together. It's amazing. It gives you some sort of, something to grab on to. Speaking of hope out here.



M: I kind of got that out of the title **Finding Color in Grey People**, like the songs about the labor movement and not forgetting about it. But I like the title, because sometimes people surprise you like the average person not to know about kinda a well read issue

D: What's going to actually fuel a revolution, if there is such a thing in this day and age in going to be common people. It's not going to be these extreme...it's not going to be mohawks and it's not going to be these extreme groups. I mean I love it and I'm totally into it, but at the same time, a lot of things that certain groups do actually turn off common people. I used to butt heads with my parents and that kind of thing but if you sit down and talk to people about stuff, a lot of people have a lot of good in them. They can understand it on a conversation over drinks and dinner more than they can shouting out slogans. How the media's distorted the WTO shit like "Oh, these people are anti-China or something because they don't want free trade" It has nothing to do with it, you know, it's not like we're anti-China. There's much more to it than that. That song's about, like my dad's been like a union man for like forty years, pretty much like one of the only democrats in the town we grew up in. I mean the Daily Herald and that is such a right wing paper in the suburbs, you know more of less right wing of Chicago. But Chicago's pretty hardcore democrat. And that song also has a lot to do with, like I worked with this women from Poland, was like a midwife in Iraq and did all this other stuff in her life. She's like "You know, I come to America. These people don't know their history. They don't know their roots. They don't latch on to anything. They're almost like lost, like grey people" They had hope to latch on to, to be a part of. My culture is like, you know, growing up by strip malls and stuff, so really if you look more into it, that is a cultural thing, like Chicago has a huge labor movement at the end of the 1800's. That is your culture, that's your history and that's something you can latch onto.

Man, I'm mixed up with Irish and all this other crap, but I don't really know the history of that, but that doesn't affect me like this does. And a lot of that is inspired by going to Mexico. Actually the last song's about, I went to Mexico for a couple weeks over the winter. It was cool to see like the people who live the most basic lifestyle that live in the most beautiful place, had their own art, had this other stuff, I rather be part of that then be part of TV commercials. It's really hard to find any sort of root here. If you don't have that then You don't even know what you're fighting for.

M: But I think that songs about the kind of new imperialism that's going on there. Like in Chiapas, one third of the people don't have electricity, but they build giant amphitheaters there.

D: Right, right. It's all linked to that. Like you can see hotels coming up. Mexico's actually got a few good laws like all the coasts are publically owned so you can't buy a piece,...like the hotel can't own the beach. Like I talked to the people there and they were just like "Yeah, I was walking and all these people have beach front houses now and stuff" like

Americans and Europeans and what not. Him and his family were just on the beach like "What the fuck are you doing here?" and he's like "What the fuck are you doing here? This is like public beach and that's the law, so I'm



allowed to be here and that's kick ass. Just the idea, when you're really talking. We went on vacation with my parents. My parents are pretty down with checking out the real scene, and not just the American version of it. So we talk to a lot of people out there. Once you really get them alone and they're not doing the, running the tour. They really tell you what they think. It's fuckin cool, man. I really like it.

M: 100% Synthetic is kinda going back to the having a real culture like that

D: I guess it's a theme CD almost. References- I don't know how much you can get out of the lyrics. It has to do with like the quality of food too. These companies that really want to like monopolize farms. Creating genetically engineered food and what not instead of getting back... you know like they say "Oh, this is the only way we're going to fight starvation."

Kinda, like you do things the right way, the land the way it's supposed to be cultivated. It's better not to use anything. That's what it comes down to.

M: There was a 20/20 report where they just completely slanderized organic food and all their facts are wrong. Newspapers and magazines the next day pointed it out, but that's not going to reach as many people as the original article.

D: Right, The state of the media is just pathetic too. I don't even have cable. My media is very fuckin limited and really it's just a big lie you know. It's a commerial for all the companies that own it, really.

I mean more or less, if you're against stuff that was destroying the rainforest, you wouldn't go to

McDonalds and support them, but like, they fuckin twist everything

M: The last one left is Wichhunt

D: Witchhunt was a thing that was kinda a, uh, it was just really tongue and cheek about, .. I was really upset about this whole George Bush thing. I really lost a lot of faith in humans because of it. And that, like the NRA and the Christian Coalition and these big dark chain videos stores that censor, you can't have certain videos there, you can't have certain versions of music, like a K Mart or something.

Sometimes when you're in the backass of like nowhere that's all you can go. and the NRA, I think are like total bone heads. And the last references to turn their jackets inside out with the patches on their sleeves is like Hitler, it's the same kind of thing but it's not as up front as that, but I still believe it's bad, It's more money driven than it is actually in your face because obviously after the World War II you can't get away with that type of stuff. But you can do it backhandedly just as easily.

M: I was just going to ask do you or anyone else in the band do any activist work?

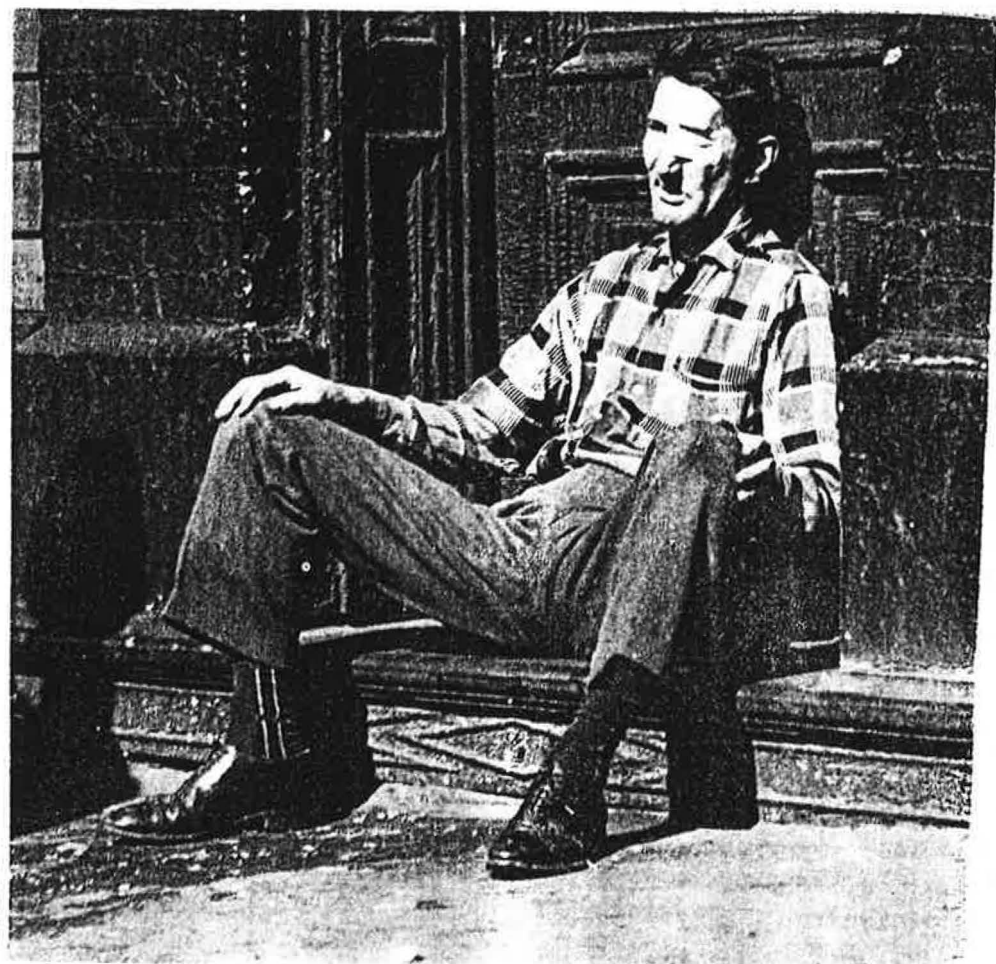
D: We do. We do stuff when we can, but uh. Well, my and Rob (drums) have done a bunch of stuff together. I used to do Food Not Bombs a lot. I been to a few rallies with Tyler (new guitarist) and what not. Right now, it's the band stuff that takes up so much time. We're so broke it's like I really, I totally would love to be more actively involved when I'm not playing shows right now, more or less working three jobs so I can afford to do these shows. But I think at the same time, if you get somebody sort of interested in something. It is a form of activism. It definetly has as much merit as standing on the front lines, but at the same time you're creating an idea that's there for everybody. And actually I've talked to a lot of people. Like that's what really got me into activism was music. First of all I still believe that threat. It's artistic activism. The music is as important as the idea behind it, but they work hand in hand.

M: Did you ever run into problems with the Elgin Food Not Bombs and the police cause I heard stories.

D: Yeah, Yeah, yeah. We basically, me and my friend Caleb, and this guy, Jeremy Hanson who really did all of it. He's an amazing guy, one of my best friends. We all did it there. We ran into a lot of problems because we were like 17, 18 years old. It was all run on our ideology. I mean we would go out like no matter what and serve these people. Even if we had to buy all the food ourselves, steal it from stores or dumpster it. I mean most of it was dumpstered. We ran into shitloads of problems like it starting getting bad. This guy kept showing up. He worked for the health department. And we couldn't cook at this house because it had 2 sinks or 3 sinks or whatever. It wasn't an official kitchen. We were like "We don't want to be a part of any of the.. We're a grassroots movement we're going to do everything how we want to do it." And they'd sit there and argue with us and we'd make up arguements just as dumb as theirs. "You can't serve food here because blah, blah, blah" and I was like "Can't we have a picnic here if we wanted to?" and they'd be like "yeah" and we were like "This is a picnic, these are are friends". More or less they wanted to call us in and have the Elgin Community Board or some bullshit. They wanted me and Jeremy to come in and talk to them. We just kept serving. I didn't want to deal with all the beauracratit bullshit.

M: I heard stories of drive by servings and having someone in front of an alley and the food in back.

D: We became such good friends with the people that came, because it was such a steady thing, in the winter it wasn't that great. We'd serve like 10 people or 5 people, but that's still good, but in the summer it'd be like 50 people and like great people so we'd. If we got shut down we'd just go down under the river, like underneath the bridges. We did what we could and I think it kinda lays a foundation. I think there's still people doing it there, hopefully it continues. I loved to be a part of something like that again. We tried it in the city for a while and then music basically took over my life and I haven't had a chance to see what's really going on lately. I'm still very into it and interested in it.



It was a cold sunny day as I walked out of my house. It was still summer but I got the feeling we would be having an early fall. A cold wind persuaded me to get in my car in a hurry. A strange thing caught my eye, it was a man just walking across the street. He just seemed different somehow. I think it was because he was walking straight across instead of at an angle as though he was walking down the street and crossed. It's odd because I sensed something would happen and as I started up the car and

begin to pull out of the garage, I looked to see where he was and he seemed to have disappeared. Then he appeared, he started walking up my driveway. I stopped the engine and got out to find out what this stranger wanted.

He was an older man. Probably in his sixties, but I was never too good matching people and their ages. He was about as tall as me with silver hair. He wore glasses and a mustache. His outfit consisted of a brownish button up shirt with multiple colored vertical strips. He also wore brown trousers that matched his shoes. As he walked up to me, I said hello and inquired what it is he wanted. He told me that they had sent him here. I then asked who they were. I got an answer, but it was mumbled and confused. His voice was shaky. It was not very confident and seemed tired.

At this point I knew he was confused. He then said that he came here to get it fixed. He tapped on the window of the backseat of the car. I figure he must be suffering from an illness or was senile. I tried to explain to him that he was saying didn't make sense and that I didn't know what he was talking about. But he seemed to have his own story and logic in his head. All I could do was think of ways to get him to leave. He told me once again they sent him here.

I told him that I couldn't help him and told him that they said he should go back there. I pointed back to where he came from. He then reached into his back pocket and pulled out his wallet and opened it. He handed me some sort of Old Country Buffet bargain card. He mumbled some sort of explanation, but I was as confused as he was. I was trying to be polite and help him out, but I was in a very awkward position. I handed him back his card and told him he should probably head home.

I asked him where he lived. 1432 Sixth Avenue he said, then he quickly corrected himself with 1432 eighth Avenue. Somehow he made his way back to the street as I told him I was in a hurry and had to leave. I quickly went inside and made a call to the police. I told them what had happened and I told them I was I was worried because he might be in danger or he didn't take his medication. I didn't have the patience or know how to deal with him. They told me they would send a car out to check it out. I left and took care of my errands.

When I came back more than an hour later, he was a block and a half away walking in front of some stores. I went home and thought to myself, Why didn't the police help him? He's probably lost and afraid. His family is probably worried about him. Did the police even come out? Why didn't they take him home? Surely they would have no problem finding him. I cursed them for not doing anything to help. After all it's their job. I'd like to say that I went out and took him home. But I didn't. I was just as apathetic as they were. The man needed help and I didn't bother. I shouldn't have just put it off on the police. If anything happened to him, I'd be the one to blame. That was about 4 years ago, and I know there was something fundamentally wrong about my actions. We shouldn't use the police, it's our community and we should be able to take care of ourselves. It wouldn't have taken me more than 15 minutes to take him home. I'm a dick and I'm sorry for it.

from THE INVISIBLES

BY STEPHEN DOBYNS

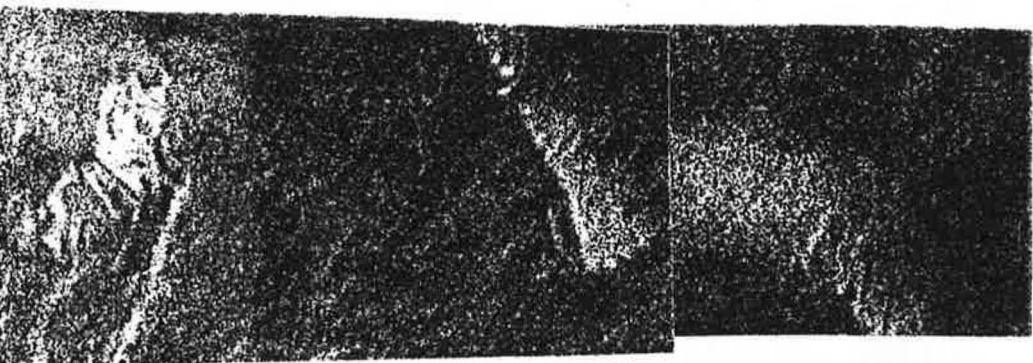
In Copley Square, the derelicts sit side by side on a stone bench. This one snaps and bites the air. This one wears white spats and holds a black umbrella between himself and blue sky. This one talks happily to the empty place beside him as if talking to someone he's known all his life. Those others—their opposites, the sleek ones in bright colors whom the city names successful—they keep crossing the square and the derelicts keep trying to catch their attention, not just for money or conversation, but to prove themselves visible; but they remain unsuccessful and nobody pauses. Let's burn one. Let's stop fooling around and simply burn one. Let's collect the carbon-colored clothes, make a pile, light it and toss one on. Say, the one with the umbrella or the one talking to his friend the silence. Then the fire department will come rushing up with five pieces of equipment and they'll rush into the square and rush around but they won't see anything, and one of the bums will holler: There's a guy burning up on a pile of our good coats. But the firemen won't see him. Just another false alarm, they'll say and rush home. Maybe there's one burning right now. Maybe that's what the one bum is saying, the one snapping and biting the air. Maybe he's trying to tell you about the black smoke which you're too dumb to see and his good friend, another bum, blazing up on a stack of old coats in Copley Square.

I came across that television show where celebrities talk politics. A former Baywatch star was talking about the homeless and giving them chances. "3 tries then gas them!" I was appalled that a dipshit could get away with that on national TV. This woman had probably never had a conversation with some one under the

poverty line. Just put her head down as they asked her for fuckin' crumbs just to try to get by. I guess I shouldn't be suprised anymore on how low society has sunk. One of the other guests was a comedian who went to New York to make it big and was homeless himself for a while. Well the panel came to the conclusion that there were one's trying to better themselves and not others. As if they chose to be starving, cold, and malnourished. She keep refering to them as "those people" as if

in some way they weren't like her. It reminded me of they way blacks were refered to as well as other oppressed groups. To create a divide, between themselves and others. I guess by putting them

in that position it's easier to treat them as other than human. To push them out of your mind, it's not like their normal. They're all miscreants and have mental problems. Their skull size is inferior. So it's ok to pretend they're aren't talking to you, in fact they aren't even there. And if they are there then the cops will move them out from in front of stores and business. Move them out of sight. The "real" people can't be bothered. The difference between the working class and the homeless is a paycheck. One. Fuckin. Paycheck. The majority of people living on the streets don't wear winter coats and push shopping carts. They are more like you then the people on your TV. But once they become humanized. It's harder to justify the violence by the state. Food is thrown away while people starve. The ~~free~~ government pays farmers more to ruin their crops. Grocery stores dump perfectly good food everyday. But if they gave it away for free. Business would suffer. So instead the poor suffer. For the first 2 years at college I spent more time talking to homeless people at Food Not Bombs then talking to my class mates. It was a school next to the most conservative town in Illinois. It just goes to show that people live in the selfish, materialistic holes they dig themselves into. The people on the streets were more in tune to what was going on ~~in~~ in the world and their communities. They were interesting people who lead a more enriched life in a way. But we refuse to believe they have anything to offer. What could we learn from lessor people. Why is it we throw these people away in return for the safety and homogenization of commerical culture?





I'm sorry for poverty. I'm sorry for your childhood. I'm sorry for the sacrifices you had to make just to eat. I'm sorry for what their life has done to you. I'm sorry for the anger with you at the end of the work day. I'm sorry they robbed you off the arts and I'm sorry they took away the deeper meaning. I'm sorry they left you half dead. I'm sorry for business that made you think hating black people was okay. I'm sorry for government and I'm sorry for what they did to your family. I'm sorry for the broken promises of this new world. I'm sorry your husband left you with 2 kids and a mile of sorrow. I'm sorry that you had to work 3 jobs. I'm sorry for the bitterness it left in you. I'm sorry they broke you. I'm sorry they left you with no chance for improvement. I'm sorry that religion told you "this is right" I'm sorry they ruined everything. My greatest apology is not ending up the same. I'm not sorry for what I am.

The Immaculate Art of Reviewing Records



HeWhoCorrupts/Wilbur Cobb 7"

Vendetta

(Berliner Str. 29 13189 Berlin, Germany)

HeWhoCorrupts-Anyway I was disappointed with this 7" and the last. It's from their first recordings. It's good stuff, but they've become a great band. Their live show blows this all to shit. This is straightforward stuff with a really fast grind, what could you expect from 3/4ths KungFu Rick? So it sounds like them, but more diverse with crazy bass parts like a slap part thrown in or hitting a note bringing it up the neck and letting it go. It's asshole businessman power violence with song titles like "I'll give you a candy bar if you get the fuck out of my face", "Q:can I sample this? A:No" and 80s hearthrob names. WC plays thrash from Germany with ot good lyrics. It's good but lags at some parts. It's kind of sad when foreign bands sing english, instead of their own language. I would be a lot more pysched if this was in German. They could do the whole Snell, Mach Snell thing instead of GO!

Honor System -----> 100% Synthetic CD

Double Zero Records

(PO Box 7122 Algonguin, IL 60102)

If you want to know about this band, go read the interview. As a follow up to their debut, this EP doesn't disappoint, like a lot of second releases. You get a sort of emo-ish sound that doesn't fall into any of the enlacements that bands playing that style copy. People always praise the intricate guitar work of this band. While it isn't on the hard side, the build ups and rock out parts come out as having a lot of energy and passion while keeping with the flow of the music. Great lyrics and music. The old guitarist, Nolan's out and a guy who used to be in Tuesday joined.



John Brown

Battery

KungFu Rick -----> Statues
to Stones, Soilders to Bones 7"

Gloom Records

(PO Box 14253 Albany, NY 12212)

The first couple of songs on the first side are good, but then the B side doesn't offer up anything fantastic. They use the same grind beat too much to fill up space in songs, but it's what they do outside of

that that makes this band good. It's a band that I like, but this is a luke warm release and some of the songs will fall into a sea of songs that all sound alike. Probably a common thing for grind bands. Wow, lo at that glaring typo. And there is no insert or lyric sheet. I think that's the rec company's fault though.

La Mantra de Fhigria/Tale of Genji 7"

Up Jumps the Devil Records

(PO Box 470650 Chicago, IL 60647)

Both bands do the emo screamo thing. La Mantra is more math rock with two vocalists going off at the same time which lends itself to singing and screaming harmonies and also jumbles of two people talking at once. It seems to work out ok for them however. The guitars at the beginning of their side are very Dillinger Escape Planish. Ya Mama de Fuckria's been around for a while, I'm suprised they haven't put out anything sooner. Tail of Benji's singer ain't that hot, but I like their song title "We haven't made sense since 1996" sometimes I wonder how much effort some of these bands put into their lyrics, or if they expect anyone to get stuff out of them? What does "Did you really think you could fool the alphabet?" supposed to mean? Or "Runaway marquee 'killed in the sky'"? Lyrics in these bands always sound like stolen sentence fragments translated from Japanese. I wrote a Haiku for the math rock minded. It goes-

"Everything spilled out, but
Nothing spelled out
bottled feelings undone"



Trepan Nation

Lawrence Arms/Chinkees -----> Present Day Memories CD
Asian Man

Damn fine CD, really great all the way through. The Lawrence Arms continue to put out fantastic records. The first 3 songs I listen to over and over. Their forth one disappoints a little. But they deliver emo charged punk w/ two singers belting out some really great lyrics. This is one of my favorite bands, so I can't praise them enough. I haven't heard the Chinkees in a while. I believe it used to be Mike Park and Tuesday as his backing band (they stole that song She's not your pet from Tuesday's demo tape) and was really ska beat oriented, now there's a whole new organ song coming into play. It strays from ska, but is still very high energy and dance-able. "1980's Drowning me" just plain rocks. They offer four songs and an acoustic track at the end. Good stuff on both ends, that compliment each other in a weird way.

Lawrence Arms/Shady View Terrence -----> split CD

Asian Man

I reviewed this 2 issues ago. What happened is it used to be on Castaway records, but I guess people wanted more printed up. So anyway here's the deal. This is the best Lawrence Arms release yet. All the songs are solid and there's a nice trade off of the songs sung by both vocalists. The other band named after an apartment complex do the whole emo thing with raspy and screamo vocals at times. There's a lot of bands in this genre. normally I wouldn't go out and get stuff from a band like this, but it works great on this CD, so I end up listening to their side a lot more. They also gave it a slight change in layout and also fixed the problem of the wrong tracks being numbered to the wrong bands.

Rescue ----->CD

(Rescueband@hotmail.com)

Just one song on here seems like a waste to go to the trouble of burning a CD. I saw this band in a basement that was no bigger than my room, for some reason every band sounded really great that night. I was really kinda tired and it was really weird, there was an old friend from high school there, and Ricky kept smelling roses or lilacs or something like that, and then there was naked golf playing, after we went to another party, and they said a band was playing on the ceiling, I didn't believe it but was intrigued, but there was no band on the ceiling. It was a dumb party and this band kept playing the same pop punk song with woah, woahs and kept saying this is our last song after they played and then someone knocked over the garbage can and the whole place smelled of feces that you couldn't even breathe. I don't know, basically, Rescue plays emo but in a complicated way. Like this review is idiotic but really complicated. I mean 196 words for a review that doesn't even say if the band is good or not? Go figure.

What Happens Next?



Systemic Infection -----> Demonstration tape

Killing Room Floor Record Industries

(914 N.Richmond Chicago, IL 60622)

There are former members of Audience of the End and Pronounced Dead/late

Suburban Refugee in this band carrying on the same style. I'd put it in the ballpark of His Hero is Gone. It's crust but what really keeps it interesting



Supersleuth

is the thrash guitar solos(not really solos, but when everything drops out and the guitar introduces a riff). Boy/girl vocals, that are both really rough. They're both the same style but the guy's is really guttural and low that make them sound evil. Not like the cookies monster, but more like if Barry White was in a hardcore band, but with out being sexy. 4 songs of anti-america, the last one is recorded to low, other than that John puts out good demos. This one came with a silk screened manilla envelope .

V/A -----> Living Tomorrow Today CD

Asian Man

So if you're a fan of emo and pop punk you'll like this CD, all the bands are pretty much fall in that vein. You get The Lawrence Arms, Alkaline Trio, The Wunder Years, Reggie and the Full Effect, Honor System, Saves the Day, Tom Dally, Hot Water Music, Sig Transit Gloria, Face to Face, Midtown, and Tuesday. I listen to about half of this, it's good, but there's a couple of piles of shit on here-Home Crown, Amazing Transparent Man, New Found Glory. Most of the songs are supposed to be rare and /or unreleased(I guess if they are unreleased they're pretty rare so that slash-or wasn't needed.) Anyway 100% of the benefits go to helping a little kid with Lorenzo's Oil disease. So it's definitely worth buying.

V/A -----> Punk Rucker sampler CD

Initial

Initial already released this a while ago, then renamed and repackaged it with a cheesy sort of rip off of Playstation's Tony Hawk Pro Skater. I dunno, it's okay. Hot Water Music, Botch, Dillinger Escape Plan, Grade, Boy Sets Fire, Cattle Press, The Get Up Kids, Hisma, Silent Majority, Poison the Well,

Reach the Sky. 25 bands in alphabetical order. A lot of these songs seem to be the band's comp song that are on other releases and comps. For some reason I don't really listen to this, but it's cheap and if you want to know about the bands, check it out.

Weezer -----> the green album CD

Geffen

Weezer is a stange phenomenon in the punk world. They don't get the sellout backlash, even though they haven't really come from a scene and have always been on a major label (by the way I got this used, I no way endorse buying things from corporations). But the kids are just nutsy over them, even people who you wouldn't think of liking anything remotely poppy. Now that the mainstream has 'rediscovered' them and their 'loyal fan base', things are changing. This new album disappoints many. I blame it on the disappearance of Matt Sharp (the new bassist annoys the fuck out of me, he's just dumb looking and sloberly, what with his messy collar and and inability to wear a tie-I don't get it), who went on to play in the Rentals, their first album was boy/girl new wave keyboard pop brilliance, while the second, Seven More Minutes is more guitar oriented and sounds like fucking around in the studio in a fun way. I bought it the same day as the new Weezer, and I have to say that it is much better. So if the green album doesn't satisfy your itch, pick up the Rentals. For my tastes, Pinkerton was the best album, which was right before the end of their geek ass days. Now Rivers is all about smoking pot and being a dick in interviews, while Sharp moved to Europe and mastered the art of liner note writing.

White Octave -----> Menergy CD

Initial Records

(PO Box 17131 Louisville, KY 40217)

I wrote another Haiku-"Live in die

No doors

Six dot ceilings"

Pretty good, eh? I actually stole the idea from the poem "Russian Roulette" by Walid Blair, but I bet you didn't even know, huh? The idea behind haiku is to the the most with the least words. So I shortened the idea (it was too wordy), added my own and the outright stole the last line. But the thing is you didn't know, it was new to you. The lesson is you can't fool the kids all the time, no matter what your promo sheet says. "Their sound clearly climbs the 'e-word' genre's restrictive barriers, blending post-hardcore, indie rock and straight up crunchy bounce convincingly" Sounds like paint by numbers to me, not the worst stuff, but not the best. And that's the point. I don't have time for mediocre bands. Everything must be the greatest. So I guess it's back to law school for these guys.

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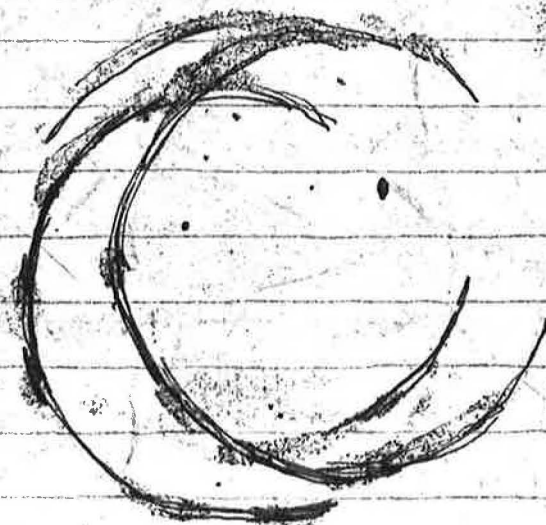
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I'm Not A Fun Time

After we fell off your couch, tangled up in the blanket that kept us so warm and nice. We had to pull ourselves up off the floor. But I didn't know where I stood with you. You non-chauntly stabbed me in the heart with a knife, 5 words long, then wondered the rest of the night where the blood was coming from.

I sat detached. Wondered the rest of the night who else you may have kissed goodnight in that kitchen. Tugged on the string of their hood then sneaked in a peck with that sly smile. You sat on the counter and wrapped your legs in inside of mine from the outside. Does it always take you 5 minutes to say goodbye?





"If I was bleeding, would you tell
me? If I was saying,

would you hear me?"-Converge

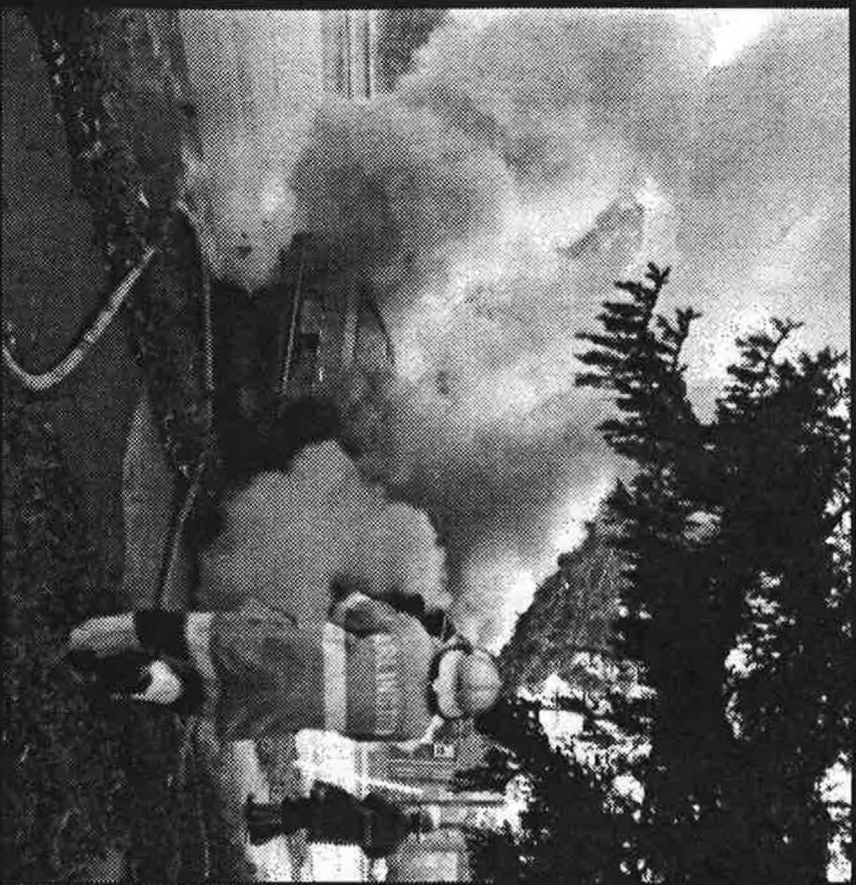
I called later and we talked about nothing.
Everything loomed overhead held up together with
wires you couldn't see. We said goodbye. Hung up.
Re-dial. I blurted out "What am I to you?"

The Sky Fell.

You said I wasn't old enough to understand that
you are young and just want to have fun. I choked
on my words. "I don't want to be another warm body
in a ~~mess~~ pile of numb from the neckrup relation-
ships" My lines rehearsed and unnatural.
You said "See you later". I said Goodbye

tie an oxygen tank to my neck and toss me
in the ocean. The irony is killing me.

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guide to better living



How To Be A 14 Year Old Girl

"We could never understand why the girls cared so much about being mature, or why they felt compelled to compliment each other, but sometimes, after one of us had read a long portion of the diary out loud, we had to fight back the urge to hug one another or to tell each other how pretty we were. We felt the imprisonment of being a girl, the way it made your mind active and dreamy, and how you ended up knowing what colors went together. We knew that the girls were our twins, that we all existed in space like animals with identical skins, and that they knew everything about us though we couldn't fathom them at all. We knew, finally, that the girls were really women in disguise, that they understood love and even death, and that our job was merely to create the noise that seemed to fascinate them"

Jeffrey Eugenides, *The Virgin Suicides*

Ah, the threshold to womanhood is a truly magical time. Everyone should experience the bliss of being a 14 yr. old girl. Pretty bows in your hair, kittens on your school binder. I don't think anyone should be excluded, not 30 year old bald men or even the overlooked senior citizens. So I've created this guide ~~into~~ to help. Now anyone can be a 14 yr. old girl, regardless of age or gender, but when buying a training bra. just say it's for your granddaughter or something, the clerks really don't need to know. Oh, and try to get one with a lacy bow.

-Babysitting will probably be your first job. ~~But~~ Babies are naturally curious and like to put things in their mouth. Feed them dog feces and marbles to pass the time if the family doesn't have cable.

-When boys call you on the phone to ask for dates, say "Let me check my schedule", then squirm and yell, regain your composure and say "I think I'm free that night"

-Some girls develop faster than others, don't feel bad if you're behind, there's nothing that great about having a bloody vagina.

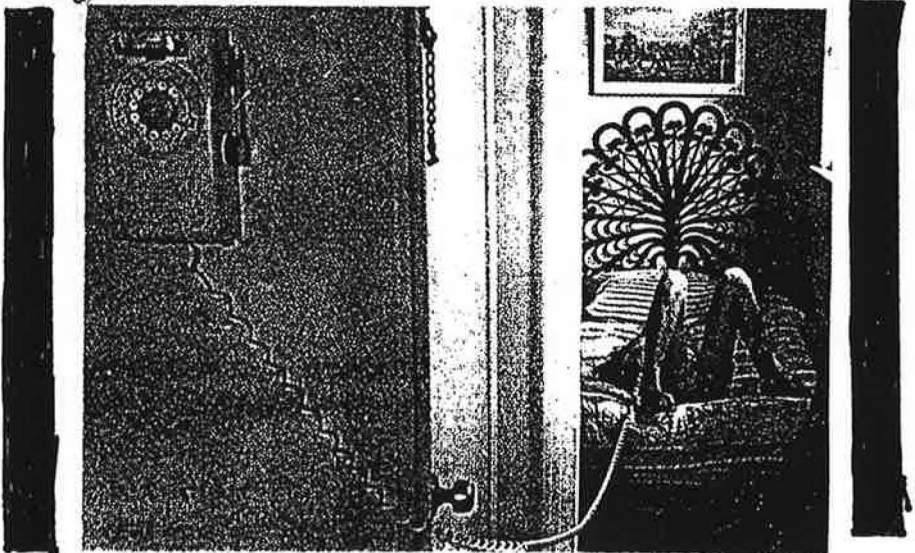
-Start putting out early, that way you'll be more popular in high school.

/If your parents come home and you're making out with a hunk, quickly grab a book and pretend to read it, make sure the book is upside down.

-During my extensive research/watching Blossom mostly, I discovered that when my friends, Ashlee and Sarah were in Jr. High, they took a syringe from a tooth whitening kit/probably full of bleach/and filled it up with puddle water and squirted it in their mouths. It just goes to show that the 14 yr. old girl is a truly majestic creature wrapped in a shroud of mystery and intrigue.

-If your breasts are boxy looking, chances are that you forgot to take the kleenex out of the box, duh.

-At school dances, boys will get boners when they slow dance resist the urge to put quarters in their mouth, tug on their wanker and wait for a candy bar to come out.





Spot the Narc at May Day 2000

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